

Haloid: Prime Evolved

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Summary: One is a bounty hunter haunted by her past. Another is a super soldier fighting impossible odds. When their respective enemies join forces, will they be able to work together and eliminate the threat? And what threat lurks on the horizon?

1. Prologue Part 1

****Haloid: Prime Evolved****

****Prologue Ch.1: Stress and Distress****

****Author's Note: ****First off; yes, this is my first Fanfic. As such, I am greatly in need of reviews for this story. Good reviews and constructive criticism are welcome. Flames will be answered with the following: "I don't care if you do not like this story. I like it and that is what matters." With that out of the way, let's begin.

Disclaimer: I do not own the rights to __Metroid Prime__ or __Halo: Combat Evolved__. Those belong to __**Nintendo**__ and __**Bungie**__ respectively. _

"Samus, I'm sending you on a mission to Zebes. The Federation has found a large Space Pirate base there, and since you are the only person outside of the Chozo to be familiar with the planet, you are the only one we can send. Your objective find out what the Space Pirates are up to and stop them at all costs. As such, permission has been granted for you to use your full arsenal."

* * *

><p>"Our Lord Ridley will make sure that you pay dearly for trying to stop us 'Hunter'! He will make you pay with your life, for you are no match for him!"<p>

* * *

><p>"Little Samus Aran! The sole survivor of K-2L, all grown up. Tell me; are you here to stop us? Or are you really here to get revenge on me for murdering your dear parents? Hm hm hm. I will kill you Little Samus Aran, just like I did to your parents years agoâ€|"<p>

* * *

><p>"Samus Aran, last hope of the noble Chozo. You must destroy the now corrupted Mother Brain before she finds a way off this doomed planet and lay waste to the galaxy. Destroy her with the ancient weapons of the Chozo Samus, before it's too lateâ€|"<p>

* * *

><p>"YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME SAMUS ARAN ! THIS IS NOT THE ENDâ€|ONLY THE BEGINNING!

* * *

><p>Samus awoke with a start, panting heavily. Sitting upright, she rubbed her hand over her face, discovering that she was sweating profusely. She slowly got up and made her way to her ship's bathroom, passing a mirror as she went. She stopped and looked in it, not entirely surprised by her appearance. Her long blond hair was in complete disarray and the T-shirt and athletic shorts she had worn to bed were completely soaked. She stood staring at herself in the mirror until a voice rang out, startling her.<p>

"Bioscans indicate that your temperature and heart rate rapidly increased within the five minutes before you woke up. This is consistent with the biological event which has plagued you for exactly six months, nine days, forty-three minutes, and nineteen seconds;" a cold, mechanical voice stated "Was it another nightmare?" the voice emotionlessly asked. "Yes I.A.N" Samus sighed. "The exact same one I've been having."

Ever since her mission on Zebes, Samus had been haunted by it every night for the past six months. Every time she would wake up suddenly and I.A.N (her new gunships' A.I. which she named I.A.N in remembrance of her friend and comrade Ian Malkovich) would ask if she had another nightmare, and then proceed to recommend a few things she could do to calm herself. This time however; "I have been studying this phenomenon for awhile now, and I have come to the conclusion that you are suffering from a case of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder due to the events of your mission on Zebes."

This news momentarily stunned Samus, but she instantly went on the defensive. "I do ****not**** have PTSD!" she yelled as anger filled her voice. "I just have a recurring nightmare that you just blew out of proportion!" Samus yelled with anger. "Defensiveness and sudden anger are signs of Post Traumatic Stress." I.A.N replied. Samus stood still, her hands clenched into trembling fists as her anger boiled. She opened her mouth to respond, but was stopped by an audible beep from the cockpit. "Samus, I have just received a high priority distress call from the Tallon system. Please proceed to the lightspace communications console in the cockpit immediately."

Samus stood there for a few seconds, letting her anger die down before she walked out of the bedroom and into the cockpit. As she

approached the comm. console, a high-backed chair rose from the floor, which she gratefully sat in. "I.A.N, play the distress call, from the beginning." Samus ordered. "Yes Samus. Be aware that the distress call is a bit choppy. Cause of this is unknown at this time. "Alright." Samus replied as the console flickered to life and static came over the speakers.

"Mayday! This is the Space Pirate Frigate Orpheon requesting immediate assistance! (static)â€|mutation experiment subjects 002 and 003 have escaped (static)â€|severe damage sustained to laboratories.(static)â€|to add to the decimation,(static)â€|creature science team thought to be dead (static)â€|escaped and took over Subject 002 (static)â€|high casualties(long burst of static)."

"That is the extent of the distress call, Samus." I.A.N stated. Samus was silent, replaying the distress call in her head. 'Mutation experiment subjects?' Samus thought; repeating the part she paid the most attention to. 'What are the Space Pirates up to?' Samus pondered her question for a moment and then stood up. "I.A.N, where did the distress call originate from?" Samus asked. "Scanningâ€|signal originated from an object in orbit around the planet Tallon IV. Object must be the Space Pirate Frigate Orpheon." the A.I responded. "Would you like me to set a course for intercept?" "Yes I.A.N." Samus replied, her earlier outburst at the A.I forgotten as she recalled what she knew of Tallon IV.

Old Bird, her Chozo foster father, had told her once about the other planets inhabited by Chozo when she was young. Tallon Iv had been one of them. "Course set. Estimated time of arrival: One hour." I.A.N said, pulling Samus out of her thoughts. "Good; schedule an armor check for five minutes before ETA." Samus responded. 'Fifty-five minutes should be enough time for me to take a shower and get ready.' she thought. As she walked out of the cockpit, I.A.N's voice sprang up again. "Samus?" "Yes I.A.N?" Samus replied. "Don't fall asleep." The A.I said. A small smile played across Samus' lips. "That's the last thing on my mind."

* * *

><p>Prologue part 1: Done (Yay!) Prologue part 2 will cover the opening cutscenes of Halo:CE (with Sgt. Johnson's epic speech) right up to a few moments before the Chief wakes up. If there are any questions, please put them in your reviews or PM me and most of them will be answered in the upcoming FAQ chapter. Also, there is a poll on my profile, the results of which will directly influence this story.<p>

2. Prologue Part 2

****Haloid: Prime Evolved****

****Prologue Ch.1: The Hushed Casket****

****Author's Note: ****

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The ship was beat-up, to say the least. In truth, it was a miracle that the ship made it through the slipspace jump. But then again, the UNSC Pillar of Autumn ****did**** get past the entire Covenant fleet that was glassing Reach. As the battered, old ship flew around the gas giant known as Threshold, a stern looking man was looking out into space from the Autumn's bridge. This man was the Captain of the Autumn: Captain Jacob Keyes, or just Captain Keyes to most of the surviving personnel on board.

The Captain put the pipe he habitually carried with him away and started walking up one of two ramps in the bridge. "How the hell did they-" Keyes began before a cool, female voice spoke up. "-get here first? Covenant ships have ****always**** been faster. That and my evasive options in slipspace were limited at best." The Captain sighed, "But we made a blind jump from Reach." The realization of what he just said caused him to do a mental double take. "They were already here." he said. "That is a possibilityâ€¦" the female voice said. The Captain reached a large viewscreen and a console, which flickered to life as a hologram of a semi-nude woman appeared. She was blue with shoulder-length hair and lines of data running up her body. "Cortana, what other possibilities could-" Keyes began.

"Sir! There's an object coming into view!" a navigations officer reported. The Captain and Cortana looked up and, as the ship rounded the planet, saw a large ring-like object slowly rotating right in between Threshold and its moon, Basis. "Cortana, what am I looking at?" Keyes asked, still staring at the object. "Give me a minute." she said as she raised her hand to her head, signaling that she was using the ships' sensors to scan the object. "It appears to be a ringworld. It has a variety of terrains and due to the centrifugal force of the ring's rotation; there is a gravity equal to Earth's on the surface." the A.I reported, lowering her hand. "Is it Covenant made?" Keyes asked. "No. The metal comprising the outside of the ring is one that the Covenant has never used before. Also, the symbols on said metal resemble those of the ruins on Reach, which predate the Covenant." she said. Captain Keyes opened his mouth to respond, but was interrupted by a Lieutenant at the radar system.

"Sir! Seraph class fighters are closing in, as well as an entire armada of Covenant capital ships!" the Lieutenant reported. Just then there was an explosion which shook the entire bridge and sent a few personnel to the floor. Keyes, who supported himself on the viewscreen, looked around and nearly yelled; "What just hit us?!" An officer looked at the readouts coming in. "Boarding craft sir, and lots of 'em!" the navigations officer reported. "Alright; Cortana, get everyone on full alert and to their battle stations." the Captain said. "Everyone, sir?" she asked. ****Everyone**** he replied. "Oh, and Cortanaâ€¦" Keyes began, "let's give our friends a warm welcome." "I've already started."

Far below the bridge, the main hold was a hive of activity. Pelicans were being fueled up, Scorpions were being loaded, and Marines were bustling about. As a Pelican was docking, Cortana's voice came up over the loud speakers. "Attention all combat personnel: please report to your action stations. 5th Platoon, secure the air locks on Deck 11. 14th Platoon, rendezvous with 22nd Tactical at bulkhead Charlie 14." she said. As the announcement came in, an M12 LRV Warthog pulled up to a marine platoon and a stern-looking black marine jumped out. His face bore scars from previous battles and a mustache that many in his command ****swore**** he was born with. That

marine was Sgt. Avery Johnson, or just Sgt. Johnson to the Marines.

Carrying an Assault rifle in his hands and a Sniper rifle on his back, Johnson looked over his loitering company with a disapproving eye. "You heard the lady! Move like you've got a purpose!" he shouted in his gritty voice. The Marines instantly formed two lines, one on either side of the Sergeant. "This is ****not**** a drill. I repeat: this is ****not**** a drill." Cortana announced from the COM system. Johnson looked at his Marines before walking in between the two lines.

"Men," he began. "We led those dumb bastards out to the middle of nowhere to keep 'em from gettin' their filthy claws on Earth. But we stumbled onto somethin' they're so hot for, that they're stumbling over each other to get it!" Johnson said as he walked up the two columns of Marines. "Well, I don't care if it's God's own anti-son-of-a-bitch machine or a giant hula hoop! We are ****not**** gonna let 'em have it!" The Sergeant said, stopping at the end of the twin columns of Marines. "What we ****will**** let 'em haveâ€¦ is a belly full of lead, and a pool of their own blood to drown in!" Not hearing a single response, the Sergeant turned to face his men and shouted, "AM I RIGHT, MARINES!" "Sir, yes sir!" the Marines shouted back. "Uh-huh. Damn right I am." Johnson replied, relishing his men's affirmations. "Now move it out! Double Time!" he ordered.

The assembled platoon of Marines broke rank and ran from the room, ready to defend the Autumn. "Attention all combat personnel: We are re-engaging the enemy. Internal and external contact immanent." Cortana warned over the COMs. Johnson smiled; he was just aching to kill some of those Covenant bastards. "All you green horns who wanted to see the Covenant up closeâ€¦" he called to his Marines, "Today is gonna be your lucky day."

In the Observations room of Cryo B, Tech Officer Sam Marcus and Tech Chief Thom Shepard were monitoring the cryo bay's only occupant. Sam's computer beeped and he looked at it. "Whoa! Thom?" he said. "What is it?" the tech chief asked. Sam just pointed at the screen. Thom looked over and stared at what he saw.

X-CORTANA 1 0 CRYOSTAR. 23. 4.7 (PRIORITY ALPHA)

UNSEAL THE HUSHED CASKET

"Right, let's thaw him out." Thom said. Sam quickly went to work as Thom went down into the cryo bay. "Bringing low-level systems online. Cracking the case in thirty seconds," Sam said. He punched in a few more command codes before announcing, "He's hot! Blowing the pins in fiveâ€¦" over the COM as the tech chief prepared to meet possibly the last living Spartan-II: The Master Chief.

Prologue part 2: Done (Booyah!) Ch.1: Mystery over Tallon IV will start about Eight minutes before the opening cutscene of Metroid Prime and end after Samus' fight against the Parasite Queen. However, since I am writing this on paper first ****and**** ****will**** have limited access to a computer over the summer (god damned job) it will be awhile before that chapter is up. Again, if there are any questions, please put them in your reviews or PM me and most of them will be answered in the upcoming FAQ chapter (which will hopefully be up in a few weeks). Also, if you would like to know why my profile name is

'TheTaterCat', visit my profile for the short and edited story.

End
file.